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LIFE *and* DEATH  
OF  
KING HENRY

THE  
EIGHTH.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

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**W. CHETWOOD**, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.



## P R O L O G U E.

**I** Come no more to make you laugh; things now  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,  
We shall present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, (and so agree,  
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;  
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;  
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting  
Our own brains. and th' opinion that we bring  
To make that only true we now intend)  
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness sake, as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living: think you see them grate,  
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

# Dramatis Personæ.

**K I N G** Henry the Eighth,  
Cardinal Wolley, his first Minister and Favourite.  
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
Duke of Norfolk.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Duke of Suffolk.  
Earl of Surrey.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.  
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.  
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.  
Lord Abergavenny.  
Lord Sands.  
Sir Henry Guildford.  
Sir Thomas Lovell.  
Sir Anthony Denny.  
Sir Nicholas Vaux.  
Cromwell, first Servant to Wolley, afterwards to the King.  
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.  
Three Gentlemen.  
Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
Porter and his Man.

Queen Katharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.  
Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.  
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.  
Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON





The LIFE of  
*HENRY VIII.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one door: at the other the  
Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

BUCKINGHAM.



GOOD morrow, and well met. How  
have you done

Since last we saw y<sup>e</sup> in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace:

Healthful, and ever since a fresh ad-  
mirer

Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those ‡ suns of glory, those two lights of men  
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

*Nor.* 'Twixt *Guyes* and *Arde*:  
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

‡ sons.

A 3

Such



Such a compounded one?

*Buck.* All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say  
'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd  
To one above it self. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, 'till the last  
Made former wonders, its. To-day the *French*,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods  
Shone downe the *English*; and to-morrow they  
Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that stood,  
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask  
Was cry'd incomparable; and th'ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them; him in eye,  
Still him in praise; and being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story  
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;  
'That \* *Bevis* was believ'd.

*Buck.* Oh, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to.

*Buck.* All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view. The office did  
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,  
I mean who set the body and the limbs

\* The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Southampton*.

Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One sure, that promises no † element  
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him: no man's pye is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
That such a ‡ ketch can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet surely Sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.  
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to th' crown, neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants; but spider like  
Out of his self-drawn web; this gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way,  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell  
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,  
If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,  
Or has giv'n all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,  
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o'th' King, t'appoint  
Who should attend him? he makes up the file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter  
(The honourable board of council our)

A 4

Must

† no rudiment or beginning.

‡ ketch, from the Italian Caicchio, signifying a Tub,  
Barrel, or Hoghead. Skinner.

Must fetch in him he \* papers.

*Aber.* I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O many

Have broke their backs with laying mannors on 'em  
For this great journey. What did this great vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,

The peace between the *French* and us, not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophesie; that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out:

For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*.

*Aber.* Is it therefore

Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.* Marry is't.

*Aber.* A proper tide of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck.* Why all this business  
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your Grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you  
(And take it from a heart that wishes you  
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider further, that

What

\* he papers, a verb; *His own letter, by his own single authority and without the concurrence of the Council, must fetch in Him whom he papers down.* I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning.

What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature.  
That he's revengful; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?  
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you,

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,  
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood,

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd  
Meas his abject object; at this instant  
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King;  
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,



Self-mettle tires him : not a man in *England*  
 Can advise me, like you : be to your self  
 As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the King,  
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
 This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
 There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;  
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
 That it do singe your self. We may out-run  
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at ;  
 And lose by over-running : know you not,  
 The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,  
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it : be  
 Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*  
 Soul stronger to direct you than yourself,  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
 I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along  
 By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,  
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions ; by intelligence  
 And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as  
 strong

As thore of rock —— attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
 As able to perform't) his mind and place  
 Infecting one another ; yea reciprocally,  
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*  
 As here at home, suggests the King our master  
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i'th' rinsing.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.*



King HENRY VIII.

11

*Buck.* Pray give me favour, Sir ——— this cunning  
Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew  
As himself pleas'd; and they were 'ratify'd  
As he cry'd, let it be ——— to as much end,  
As give a crutch to th' dead, But our \* Court-Cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well ——— for worthy *Wolsey*,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,  
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,  
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
*England* and *France*, might through their amity  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Prep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow;  
Which I do well ——— for I am sure the Emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
And pay'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,  
That he would please to alter the King's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,  
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him! and could wish you were  
Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable:  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and two  
or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, Serjeant; execute in

*Serj.*

\* count.

*Serj.* Sir,  
My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl  
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most Sov'reign King.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perisha  
Under device and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whit't part black. The will of heav'n  
Be done in this and all things: I obey.  
O my lord *Aberganny*, fare ye well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The King  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, 'till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the Duke said,  
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*, and the bodies  
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,  
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.

*Buck.* So, so;  
These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

*Bran.* A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

*Buck.* *Nicholas Hopkins*?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,  
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exe.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

King. MY life it self, and the best heart of it,  
 Thanks you for this great care. I stood  
 i'th' level

Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks  
 To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person,  
 I'll hear him his confessions justifye,  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usher'd by the Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit  
 Never name to us; you have half our power:  
 The other moiety ere you ask is given;  
 Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.  
 That you would love your self, and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit'd, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties; wherein although [To Wolsey.

(My

(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the King our master  
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) escapes not  
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,  
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner  
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation? Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,  
I know but of a single part in ought  
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not wholsome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my Sov'raign would have note) they are  
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,  
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!  
The nature of it, in what kind let's know  
In this exaction!

Queen. I am much too vent'rous  
Intempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief

Comes



*King* HENRY VIII

ing

Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths,  
Tongues split their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; All their curses now  
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incens'd will. I would your Highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer baseness.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Vol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice, and that not past me but  
By learned approbation of the judges.  
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake.  
That virtue must go through: we must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censures; whichever,  
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up  
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear  
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,  
We should take root here where we sit:  
Or sit state-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws;

And



And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!  
 A trembling contribution! — why we take  
 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:  
 And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,  
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry country  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd  
 The force of this commission; pray look to't,  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you. [To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire  
 Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,  
 That through our intercession, this revokement  
 And pardon comes, I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

# SCENE V.

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many;  
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,  
 To nature none more bound, his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself.  
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we  
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd could not find  
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear  
 (This was his gentleman intrust) of him  
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
 To fore-recited practices, whereof

We

We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,  
Most like a careful Subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day  
It would infect his speech, that if the King  
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so  
To make the scepter his. These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your Highness, note  
His dangerous conception in this point:  
Not friended by his wish to your high person,  
His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on;  
How grounded he his title to the crown  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak ought?

*Surv.* He was brought to this,  
By a vain prophesie of *Nicolas Hopkins*.

*King.* What was that *Hopkins*?

*Surv.* Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,  
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute  
With words of Sov'reignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,  
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish  
St. *Lawrence Poultry*, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the *Londoners*  
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,  
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious  
To the King's danger: presently the Duke  
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,

Hath

Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
*John de la Car* my chaplain, a choice hour  
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
 Who (after under the commission's seal  
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
 My chaplain to no creature living but  
 To me should utter) with demure confidence  
 Thus pausingly casu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs  
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive  
 To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the Duke  
 Shall govern *England* —

*Queen.* If I know you well,  
 You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
 And spoil your noble soul; I say take heed;  
 Yes, heartily I beseech you.

*King.* Let him on.  
 Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions  
 The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous.  
 For him to ruminate on this, until  
 It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,  
 It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,  
 It can do me no damage: adding further,  
 That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,  
 The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads  
 Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha! what so rank? ah ha —  
 There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

*Sur.* I can, my Liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at *Greenwich*,  
 After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke.  
 About Sir *William Blomer* —

*King.* I remember  
 Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,  
 The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

*Surv.* If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

As

As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,  
(As he made semblance of his duty) would  
Have put his knife into him.

*King*. A giant traitor!

*Wol*. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

*Queen*. God mend all.

*King*. There's something more would out of thee;  
what say'st?

*Surv*. After the Duke his father with the knife,  
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour  
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King*. There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,  
Call him to present tryal; if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night  
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE VI.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

*Cham*. I'St possible the spells of *France* should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands*. New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham*. As far as I see, all the good our *English*  
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly  
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their



Their very noses had been counsellors  
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They're all new legs, and lame ones; one  
would take it.

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin  
And spring-halt reign among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,  
That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now?  
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clap'd upon the court gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

*Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our  
Monsieurs

To think an *English* courtier may be wise,  
And never see the *Louvre*.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;  
Abusing bet'er men than they can be  
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men ———  
Or pack to their old-fellows; there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,

There



# King HENRY VIII.

21

There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're going,  
For sure there's no converting 'em: now Sirs,  
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady  
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands,  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my lord,  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,  
Whither are you going?

Low. To the Cardinal's:  
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Low. The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,  
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; h'as wherewithal in him;  
Sparing would shew a worse than ill doctrine.  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's, [Exeunt]

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and gentlemen, as guests at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

*Guil.* Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his grace Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry, As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.*

O my lord, y'are tardy;  
The very thoughts of this fair company  
Clap'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested; I think would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these.

*Sands.* I would I were,  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy?

*Sands.* As easy as a down bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit: Sir Harry, Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this: His Grace is entring; nay you must not freeze: Two women plac'd together make cold weather: My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking; Pray sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;  
If

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, Sir?

*Sands.* O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He'd kifs you twenty with a breath.

*Cham.* Well said, my lord:  
So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cue,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes  
his state.

*Wol.* Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady  
Or gentleman that is not freely merry  
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,  
And to you all good health.

*Sands.* Your Grace is noble:  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,  
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:  
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You're a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play:  
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam:  
For 'tis to such a thing——

*Anne.* You cannot shew me.

*Sands.* I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.]

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

*Wol.* What warlike voice,

And

And to what end is this? say, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Cham.* How now, what is't?

*Ser.* A noble troop of strangers,  
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign Princes.

*Wol.* Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French  
tongue,

And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

*[All arise, and tables removed.]*  
You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all; and once more  
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

*Hautboys.* *Enter King and others as maskers, habited  
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They  
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute  
him.*

A noble company? what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and intreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
They've done my poor house grace: for which I  
pay 'em  
A thousand thanks; and pray 'em take their pleasures.

*[Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.]*

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty,  
'Till now I never knew thee. *[Music. Dance.]*

*Wol.*



*Wol.* My lord.

*Cham.* Your Grace?

*Wol.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me :

There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

[*Whisper.*

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then :

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* You've found him, Cardinal:  
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord.  
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge you unhappily.

*Wol.* I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord Chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*  
daughter,

(*The Viscount Rochford,*) one of her Highness' women.

*King.* By heaven she's a dainty one: sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready  
I' th' privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your Grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I fear too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,

Good my lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again, and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

*[Exeunt with trumpets.]*



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.*

**1 Gen.** **W** Hither away so fast?

**2 Gen.** O Sir, God save ye:  
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

**1 Gen.** I'll save you  
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

**2 Gen.** Were you there?

**1 Gen.** Yes indeed was I.

**2 Gen.** Pray speak what has happen'd?

**1 Gen.** You may guess quickly what.

**2 Gen.** Is he found guilty?

**1 Gen.** Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

**2 Gen.** I'm sorry for't.

**1 Gen.** So are a number more.

**2 Gen.** But pray how past it?

**1 Gen.** I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke  
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd  
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,  
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Car  
Confessor to him, with that devil monk  
*Hopkins*, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.  
All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain  
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:  
And so his peers upon this evidence  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' Bar, to  
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,  
He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,  
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures: first *Kildare's* attainder,  
Then deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,  
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,  
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,  
And gen'rally, whoever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,

And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience  
With him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much  
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,  
The Mirror of all courtesy.

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir.

And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

*Buck.* All good People,

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
He r what I say, and then go home and lose me :  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear witness  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me  
E en as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:  
But those that sought it, I could wish more christians;  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying;  
Go with me like good Angels to my end,  
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And



And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on a God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your Grace for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy  
Shall make my grave—Commend me to his Grace:  
And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,  
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs  
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years;  
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument

*Lov.* To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,  
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,  
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord high constable,  
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*,  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.  
My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,  
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!  
*Henry* the Seventh succeeding, tru'y pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince  
Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son

Henry the Eighth, \* name, honour, life, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father:  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.  
 A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me.  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away,  
 Like water from ye, never found again,  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people  
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:  
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,  
 Speak how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

1. Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
 That were the authors.

2. Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this,

1. Gen. Good angels keep it from us:  
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2. Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1. Gen. Let me have it;  
 I do not talk much.

2. Gen. I am confident;  
 You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing of a separation  
 Between the King and Kath'rine?

1. Gen. Yes, but it held not;

\* life, honour, name, and all,

For

For when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2. Gen. But that slander, Sir,  
Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have (out of malice  
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;  
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this:  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

**M**Y lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all  
the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all, I think.

*Enter*

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Nor.* Well met my Lord Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.

*Suf.* How is the King employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league  
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew:  
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears and despair, and all these for his marriage;  
And out of all these to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her  
That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her that loves him with that excellence,  
That angels love good men with; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most  
true,

These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open  
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold, bad man.

*Suf.*



*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray, and heartily for deliv'rance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From Princes into pages; all mens honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashio'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the King please; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

*Nor.* Let's in;  
And with some other business, put the King [him;  
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon  
My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me,  
The King hath sent me other-where: besides  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
Health to your lordships. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and  
reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there? ha?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your  
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

*Nor.* A gracious King, that pardons all offences.  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,  
Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye are too bold:  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

[B.]

Enter

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat,  
with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,  
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,  
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot:

I would your Grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*King.* We are busy; go.

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him?

*Suf.* Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though, for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

*Suf.* I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

*Wol.* Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all Princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness. [come,

*King.* And once more in my arms. I bid him wel-

And thank the holy conclave for their loves,

They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers  
loves,

You are so noble: to your Highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The

(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her So dear in heart, not to deny her what A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal, Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary, I find him a fit fellow.

*Enter Gardiner.*

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you; You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread them Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him; And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him! That's christian care enough: for living murmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.*

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-fryars* :  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My *Wolsey* see it furnish'd. O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? but conscience, conscience —  
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*Enter Anne Bullen. and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* NOT for that neither — here's the pang  
that pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing : oh, now after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,  
The which to leave, a thousand fold more bitter  
Than sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* In God's will, better  
She ne'er had known pomp ; though't be temporal  
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging,  
As soul and body sev'ring.

*Old L.* Ah poor lady,  
She's stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her ; verily  
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,

Than



Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a Queen.

*Old L.* Bestrew me I would;  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;  
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft † cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth ————— [Queen?

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a

*Anne.* No, not for all rhe riches under heav'n.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,  
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs  
To bear that load of tide?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little.  
I would not be a young Count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak;  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith for little England  
You'll venture an emballing: I my self  
Would for Carnarvanshire, though there belong'd  
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter*

† i. e. Tender, from Caprellus, Lat. Ciaverello, It.  
Chevereul, Fr. a young Goat or Kid.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good-morrow, ladies; what were't worth  
to know  
The secret of your conf'rence?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen. [sings]

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessing  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes  
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual suppost,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The King hath of you. — I've perus'd her well.  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [Aside.]  
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,  
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.]

*Anne.* My honour'd lord.

*Old L.* Why this it is: see, see.

I have

I have been begging sixteen years in court  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,  
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!  
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of *Pembrook*!  
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!  
No other obligation? By my life  
That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a Dutcheffs. Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me  
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence; pray do not deliver  
What here y'ave heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me? — [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers,*  
*with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in*  
*the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Can-*  
*terbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln,*  
*Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with*  
*some*

some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the scribes. The lords sit next the bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**Hilst our commission from Rome is read.  
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd,  
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,  
Come into the court.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England. &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet, then speaks;]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,

That



That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire?  
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, give notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If in the course  
And process of the time you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,  
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person; in God's name  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,  
The King your father was reputed for  
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*  
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one  
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many  
A year before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,  
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may  
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

*Vol.* You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men  
Of singular integrity and learning:

Yea,

Yea, the elect o'th' land who are assembled  
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless  
 That longer you defer the court, as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectifie  
 What is unsettled in the King.

*Cam.* His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
 And that without delay their arguments  
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam.

*Queen.* Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that  
 We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
 The daughter of a King, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet ———

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble; nay before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,  
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
 Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd thy effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.  
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,  
 That

That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.  
 The King is present; if't be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth, But if he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to  
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before  
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And say no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord, I am  
 A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose  
 Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.  
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
 Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual. That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here  
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

*Cam.* The Queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Cryer.* Katherine, Queen of England, come into the  
 court.

*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen.* What need you note it? pray you keep your  
 way.

When

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience ——— pray pass on;  
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
 Upon this business my appearance make  
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her attendants.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*King.* Go thy ways, *Kate*,  
 That man i'th' world, who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)  
 The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born  
 And like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried her self tow'rds me.

*Wol.* Most gracious Sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your Highness  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
 At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I  
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word,  
 That might be prejudice of her present state;  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord Cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but like the village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these  
 The Queen is put in anger; y're excus'd:

But



But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred  
The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour  
I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
I will be bold with time and your attention:  
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.  
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderneſs,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and  
Our daughter *Mary*: I th' progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite,  
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,  
Whether our daughter were legitimate;  
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,  
Sometime our Brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea with a splitting power; and made to tremble  
The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerations did throng  
And prest it with this caution. First methought  
I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb  
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should  
Do no more offices of life to't, than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue,  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom  
(Well worthy the best heir o' th' world) should not  
Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Towards this remedy, whereon we are

Now

Now present here together: that's to say,  
 I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)  
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land  
 And doctors learn'd. First I began in private  
 With you my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reel,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say  
 How far you satisfy'd me.

*Lin.* Please your Highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
 And consequence of dread; that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt:  
 And did intreat your Highness to this course  
 Which you are running here.

*King.* I then mov'd you  
 My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave  
 To make this present summons unsolicited.  
 I left no rev'rend person in this court,  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;  
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person  
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
 (*Katherine* our Queen) before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd i'th' world.

*Cam.* So please your Highness,  
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court to further day;  
 Mean while must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends to his Holiness.

*King.* I may perceive  
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-belov'd servant Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.*

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with  
troubles:  
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G,

O Rpheus, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his musick, plants and flowers  
Ever rose, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art,  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep. or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

inals  
Queen?

*Queen.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, Madam.

*Queen.* Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your Highness.

*Queen.* Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,  
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:  
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

*Wol.* May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw  
In'o your private chamber; we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner; would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions  
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.*

*Queen.* Good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:

Pray speak in *English*; here are some will thank you  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.  
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in *English*.

*Wol.*



*Wol.* Noble lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed  
(And service to his Majesty and you)  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the King and you? and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting like a good man your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace  
His service and his counsel. —————

*Queen.* To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,  
Let me have time and council for my cause:  
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the King's love with those  
fears,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen.* In England,

But little for my profit; can you think, lords,  
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness pleasure,  
C  
Though

Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,  
 And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends  
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,  
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence  
 In my own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your Grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen.* How, Sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the King's protection,  
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much  
 Both for your honour better, and your cause:  
 For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,  
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:  
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye.  
 Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,  
 That no King can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen.* The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;  
 But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
 Mend 'em for shame, my lords: is this your comfort?  
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
 I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;  
 Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once  
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a meer distraction,  
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,  
 And all such false professors! Would you have me  
 (If you have any justice, any pity,  
 If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
 Alas, he's banish'd me his bed already,  
 His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him

King HENRY VIII.

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Is only by obedience. What can happen  
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse, like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse ———

*Queen.* Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,  
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I, with all my full affections  
Still met the King? lov'd him next heaven, obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen.* My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray hear me ———

*Queen.* Would I had never trod this *English* earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.  
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!  
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your Grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:

52 *King* HENRY VIII.

We are to cure such sorows, not to sow 'em.  
 For goodness sake consider what you do,  
 How you may hurt your self, nay utterly  
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm; pray think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your  
 virtues

With these weak womens fears: A noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves  
 you;

Beware you lose it not; for us (if you please  
 To trust us in your business) we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen.* Do what you will, my lords; and pray for-  
 give me,

If I have us'd my self unmannerly.  
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray do my service to his Majesty.  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,  
 That little thought when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

---

S C E N E II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord  
 Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* IF you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them. If you omit

The



The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful,  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the Peers  
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me, I know:  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in's tongue.

*Nor.* O fear him not,  
His spell in that is out; the King hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

*Sur.* I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* How?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,  
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,  
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o'th' divorce; for if  
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive  
My King is tangled in affection to

A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

*Sur.* Has the King this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick  
After his patient's death; the King already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord,  
For I profess you have it.

*Sur.* Now all joy  
Trace the conjunction.

*Suf.* My Amen to't.

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation:  
Marry this is but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and compleat  
In mind and feature. I persuade me from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But will the King  
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?  
The lord forbid.

*Nor.* Marry, Amen.

*Suf.* No, no:

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campius*  
Is stol'n away to Rome, has ta'en no leave, and  
Hath left the cause to th' King unhandled,  
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cry'd ha! at this.

*Cham.* Now God incense him;  
And let him cry ha, louder.

*Nor.* But my lord,  
When returns *Cranmer*?

*Suf.* He is return'd with his opinions, which

Have

# King HENRY VIH.

55

Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,  
Gather'd from all the famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. *Katharine* no more  
Shall be call'd *Queen*, but *Princess dowager*,  
A widow to Prince *Arthur*.

*Nor.* This same *Cranmer's*  
'A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the King's business.

*Suf.* He has, and we shall see him  
For it an Archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so,

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

The Cardinal.

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, *Cromwell*,

Gave it you the King?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
Was in his countenance. You he bad  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready to come abroad?

*Crom.* I think by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Dutchesse of *Alençon*,

[Aside.]

The *French King's* sister; he shall marry her.

*Anne Bullen!*—no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair visage—*Bullen!*—

No, we'll no *Bullens!*—speedily I with

To hear from *Rome*—the marchioness of *Pembroke!*—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be he hears the King  
Does whet his anger to him,

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord for thy justice!

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen!—  
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,  
Then out it goes—what though I know her vituous  
And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
Our cause!—that she should lye i'th' bosome of  
Our hard-rul'd King!—again, there is sprung up  
An heretick, an arch one *Cranmer*, one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

### SCENE III.

*Enter King, reading of a schedule.*

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the  
string  
The master-cord of's heart.

*Suf.* The King the King.

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion; what expence by th' hour  
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift  
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,  
Saw you the Cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain; he bites his lip; and starts,  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait  
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts  
His eye against the moon, in most strange postures  
We've seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be,  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found

There,



There, on my conscience put unwittingly?  
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which  
 I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heav'n's will,  
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
 To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think  
 His contemplations were above the earth,  
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
 Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid  
 His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth  
 His serious considering.

*He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*

*Wol.* Heav'n forgive me——  
 Ever God bless your Highness——

*King.* Good my Lord,  
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
 You were now running o'er; you have scarce time  
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
 To keep your earthly audit; sure in that  
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
 For holy offices I have a time;  
 A time to think upon the part of business  
 I bear i'th' state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which perforce  
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your Highness yoke together,  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying.

*King.* 'Tis well said again,  
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well!  
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,  
 He

He said he did, and with this deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office  
I've kept you next my heart, have not alone  
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

*Sur.* The lord increase this business.

[*Aside.*

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true:  
And if you may confess it, say withal  
If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

*Wol.* My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces  
Shew'd on me daily have been more than could  
My studied purposes require, which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet fill'd with my abilities, mine own  
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed  
To th' good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state: For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd:

A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it, i'th' contrary  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more  
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I pr. fells.

The

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet, my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,  
[Giving him Papers.]

And after this; and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles throng after him whispering and smiling.]

S C E N E IV.

Wol. What should this mean?

'What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
'He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
'Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
'Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
'Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:  
I fear, the story of his anger — 'tis so —  
This paper has undone me — 'tis th' account  
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together  
For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,  
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if I take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell;  
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,

And

And from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting. • I shall fall  
 ' Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 ' And no man see me more.]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,  
 the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands, and to confine your self  
 To *Asher-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,  
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,  
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,  
 I mean your malice, know officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are molded — Envy:  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace  
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton  
 Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
 You have a christian warrant for 'em, and  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
 You ask with such a violence, the King  
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;  
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better

Have



Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :  
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,  
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,  
You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,  
Far from his succour ; from the King, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him :  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an ax.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour ;  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the King, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou should'st feel  
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
And from this fellow ? if we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewel nobility, let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one,  
Into your own hands. Card'nal, by extortion:  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to th' Pope, against the King ; your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My

My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you  
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench  
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How much methinks I could despise this man,  
 But that I'm bound in charity against it.

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand :  
 But thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer  
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
 When the King knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :  
 I thank my memory, yet I remember  
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.  
 Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,  
 You'll shew a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, Sir.  
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those than my head ; have at  
 you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge  
 You wrought to be a legat, by which power  
 You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else  
 To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
 Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the King  
 To be your servant.

*Suf.* That without the knowledge  
 Either of King or council, when you went  
 Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold  
 To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, You sent a large commission  
 To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,  
 Without the King's will or the State's allowance,  
 A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

*Suf.*

*Suf.* That out of meer ambition, you have made  
Your holy-hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

*Sur.* That you have sent innumerable substance  
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,  
Which since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,  
(Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your pow'r legateine within this kingdom,  
Fall in the compass of a præmunire)  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
' Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
' This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
' The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
' And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
' The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
' And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely  
' His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

' And

' And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 ' Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders;  
 ' These many summers in a sea of glory:  
 ' But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 ' At length broke under me, and now has left me  
 ' Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 ' Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 ' Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye;  
 ' I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
 ' Is that poor man that hangs on Princes favours!  
 ' There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 ' That sweet aspect of Princes, and \* our ruin,  
 ' More pangs and fears than war or women have.  
 ' And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,  
 ' Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.*

Why how now *Cromwell*?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, Sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
 A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,  
 I'm fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your Grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.  
 I know my self now, and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities;  
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me;  
 I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.  
 O 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,  
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
 T'endure more miseries, and greater far

\* *their*

Than



Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the King.

*Wol.* God bless him.

*Crom.* The next is, that Sit *Thomas Moor* is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him.  
What more?

*Crom.* That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;  
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady *Anne*,  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,  
Going to chappel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. ©

*Cromwell,*

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,  
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,  
(That sun, I pray may never set) I've told him  
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
I know his noble nature, not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.  
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,  
 ' And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 ' And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 ' Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;  
 ' Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 ' And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 ' Found thee a way out of his wrack to rise in:  
 ' A sure and safe one, though my master mis'd it.  
 ' Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:  
 ' *Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,  
 ' By that sin fell the angels; how can man then  
 ' (The image of his maker) hope to win it?  
 ' Love thy self last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 ' Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 ' Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
 ' To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 ' Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 ' Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
 ' *Cromwell*,  
 ' Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;  
 And pr'ythee lead me in——  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,  
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good Sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Two Gentlemen meeting one another.*

1 Gen. **Y**OU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow, This, gen'ral joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds. And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward In celebration of this day with shews, Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater, Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains, The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*, To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those customs, I should have been beholden to your paper. But I beseech you what's become of *Katharine*,

The

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order, Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles From *Amptill*, where the Princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not appearance and The King's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*, Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good lady!

The trumpets sound, stand close, the Queen is coming. [Hautboys.

## The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned*



# King HENRY VIII.

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*dorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her  
the bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,  
wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of  
gold without flowers.*

*They pass over the stage in order and state, and then  
Exeunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know;  
Who's that who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee,  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:  
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear  
The cloth of state above her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are near her.  
I take it, she that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, the Dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'th' abby, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,

With

With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man; which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes, Hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But pray what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and faint-like  
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly,  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;  
When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*,  
Sh'had all the royal makings of a Queen;  
As holy oil, *Edward* confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir  
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again

To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.  
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,  
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 Gen. I know it:  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. *Stokefly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,  
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary:  
The other, *London*.

2 Gen. He of *Winchester*  
Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,  
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:  
However yet there's no great breach; when't comes,  
*Cranmer* will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. *Thomas Cromwell*,  
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly  
A worthy friend. The King has made him  
Master o'th' jewel house,  
And one already of the privy-council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,  
Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests:  
Something I can command; as I walk thither  
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her  
gentleman Usher, and Patience her woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death:

My

My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,  
 Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair ———  
 So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*  
 Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,  
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,  
 Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes Madam; but I think your Grace,  
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.  
 If well, he st p before me happily,  
 For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, Ma'am.  
 For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*  
 Arrested him at *Tork*, and brought him forward  
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
 He fell sick suddenly; and grew so ill  
 He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*,  
 Lodg'd in the abby; where the rev'rend abbot,  
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;  
 To whom he gave these words. ' O father abbot,  
 ' An old man broken with the storms of state,  
 ' Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
 ' Give him a little earth for charity!  
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,  
 He gave his Honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace !

*Kath.* So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him!  
 Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity; he was a man  
 Of an unbounted stomach, ever ranking  
 Him'self with Princes: one that by suggestion  
 Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:  
 His one opinion was his law. I'th' presence  
 He would say untruths, and be ever double

Both



Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your Highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good *Griffith*,  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;  
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,  
He was most princely; Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you  
*Ipswich* and *Oxford*! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

*Patience*, be near me still, and set me lower.  
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn Musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep: good wench let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

*The Vision.* Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?  
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we're here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for,  
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop  
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
 And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel  
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

*Po'sselt*

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the musick leave,

'Tis harsh and heavy to me,

[*Musick ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,

And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench, Pray, pray, ———

*Pat.* Heav'n comfort her,

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And't like your Grace ———

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow,

Deserve we no more rev'rence?

*Grif.* You're to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

*Mes.* I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Enter Lord Capucius.*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,

First mine own service to your Grace, the next

The King's request that I would visit you,

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me]

Sends you his Princely commendations,

And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,

'Tis like a pardon after execution;

That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;  
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his Highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do, and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that letter  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, Madam.

*Kath.* Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the King.

*Cap.* Most willingly, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.  
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,  
(She's young and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him  
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition  
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow  
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble:  
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me.  
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents. And good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.*



*Cap.* By heav'n I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his Highness;  
And tell him his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,  
For so I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,  
My lord——*Griffith* farewel——nay, *Patience*,  
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed——  
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wenches  
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over  
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like  
A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.  
I can no more—— [Exeunt, leading Katherine.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

*Gard.* IT'S one a clock, boy, is't not?  
*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for Delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas,  
Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my lord?

*Gard.* I did, Sir Thomas, left him at *Primero*  
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gard.* Not yet, *Sir Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?  
It seems you are in haste: And if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk  
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you:  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this word. The Queen's in labour,  
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live; but for the stock, *Sir Thomas*,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But Sir, Sir——  
Hear me, *Sir Thomas*—— you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,  
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, *Sir Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,  
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, Sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master  
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,  
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop  
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

*Gard.* Yes, *Sir Thomas*,  
There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him; indeed this day,

Sir

Sir I may tell it you, I think I have  
Incens'd the lords o'th' council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence  
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd  
Have broken with the King, who hath so far  
Giv'n ear to our complaint of his great Grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council board  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.  
[Exeunt Gardiner and page.]  
Lov. Many good nights, my lord, I rest your servant.

SCENE II.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night,  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,  
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.  
Now Lovel, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks  
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness,  
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!  
To pray for! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made  
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;  
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your Highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.  
Well, Sir, what follows?

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha! *Canterbury!* ———

*Denny.* Yea, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true ——— where is he, *Denny?*

*Denny.* He attends your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake,  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

*Enter Cranmer and Denny.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.  
Ha! ——— I have said ——— be gone.

[Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

### S C E N E III.

*Cran.* I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror, All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord! you do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty  
'T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you rise,  
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury*,  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:  
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand,  
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous



Grievous complaints of you, which being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us, where I know  
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,  
But that 'till further tryal; in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our *Tower*; you, a brother of us,  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your Highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I my self, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good *Canterbury*;  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up,  
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,  
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you  
Without indurance further.

*Cran.* Most dread Liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:  
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole  
world?

Your foes are many, and not small; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries  
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been done

You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your Majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me.

*King.* Be of good cheer,  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:  
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you;  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency  
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this Ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!  
He's honest on mine honour. God's blest mother!  
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]  
He's as strangled all his language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gent. Within.* Come back; what mean you?

*Lady.* I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels  
Ply o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

*King.* Now by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?  
Say ay, and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my Liege;  
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n  
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sit, your Queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted

Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such a payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll

Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,

I'll put it to the issue.

[Exit Lady.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?  
Who waits there? sure you know me?]

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad  
I came this way so happily. The King  
Shall understand it presently.

[Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

The King's physician; as he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honour! they would shame to make  
me

Wait

Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor  
 'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures  
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight —

*King.* What's that, *Butts*?

*Butts.* I think your Highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me: where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,  
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst purservants,  
 Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought  
 They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,  
 At least good manners, as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place and so near our favour  
 To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;  
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,  
 We shall hear more anon. —

#### SCENE V.

*A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand. A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:  
 Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your Honours,

The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

*Gard.* Has he knowledge of it?

*Crom.*



*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gard.* Yes.

*Keep.* My lord Arch-bishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:  
Tow'rd the King first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions  
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;  
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too;  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em  
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physick: and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint  
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours  
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd  
(And with no little study) that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)

A man

A man that more detests, more stirs against  
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)  
 Defacers of the publick peace; than I do.  
 Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships;  
 That in this case of justice, my accusers;  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gard.* My lord, because we've business of more moment,  
 We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure;  
 And our consent; for better tryal of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
 Where being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than I fear you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ay, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,  
 You're always my good friend; if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful. I see your end,  
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord;  
 Become a church-man better than ambition;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,  
 (Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect  
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
 To load a falling man.

*Gard.*

*Gard.* Good Mr. Secretary  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gard.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest!  
Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much;  
Forbear for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I've done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain till the King's further pleasure  
Be known unto us, Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:  
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

*Enter the Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?

Must I go like a traitor then?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;  
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the King my master

*Cham.*

*Cham.* This is the King's ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,  
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,  
'Twould fall upon our selves.

*Nor.* D' you think, mylords,  
The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain.  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

#### SCENE VI.

*Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to  
heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that in all obedience makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen  
That holy duty of our dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You're ever good at sudden commendations,  
*Bishop of Winchester.* But know, I come not  
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence  
They are too thin and base to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.  
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.  
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cran.  
He



He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.  
By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May 't please your Grace——

*King.* No, Sir, it does not please me.  
I thought I had men of some understanding  
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
This honest man, wait like a lowlie foot-boy  
At chamber door, and one as great as you are?  
Why what a shame was this? did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye  
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,  
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;  
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

*Cham.* My most dread Sovereign, may it like your  
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,  
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;  
I'm sure in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords respect him:  
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it,  
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;  
Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*  
I have a suit which you must not deny me.  
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:  
you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchesse  
Of Norfolk, and the lady Marquesse Dorset—  
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you  
Embrace and love this man,

*Gard.* With a true heart  
And brother's love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heav'n  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true  
heart;

The common voice I see is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of Canterbury  
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.

Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exe.

## SCENE VII.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do  
you take the court for Paris Garden? ye  
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue:  
is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree  
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:  
I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christenings?  
do you look for ale and cakes here you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible  
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make them sleep

On May-day morning, which will never be:  
We may as well push against Pauls, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
As much as one found cudgel of four foot

(You

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute  
I made no spare, Sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, Sir.

*Man.* I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Within.* Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.  
Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? blefs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand, here will be father, god-father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands therelike a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a cumbustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

*Port.*

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill* or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers. are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadies that is to come.]

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters. These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows, There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christning?

*Port.* Please your honour,  
We are but men, and what so many may do,  
Not being torn in pieces, we have done;  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By th' heels. and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,  
And here yelie baiting of bombards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound,  
Th' are come already from the christening;  
Go break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find  
A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the Princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

*Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchesse of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady, then follows the marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,  
And ever happy, to the high and mighty  
Princes of England, fair Elizabeth.

*Flourish. Enter King and Guards.*

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen  
My noble partners and my self thus pray;  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop:  
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.  
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, y' have been too prodigal,  
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,  
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth,  
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which

Which time will bring to ripeness, She shall be  
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)  
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:  
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with  
 her.

In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known, and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as her self;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in frame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terrour,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him: children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be to the happiness of *England*,  
 An aged Princess; many days shall see her,

And

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more : but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass  
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord Arch-bishop,  
Thou'st made me now a man ; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.  
I thank ye all — to you, my good Lord-mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholden :  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords.  
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day no man think  
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay,  
This little one shall make it holy-day.

[*Exeunt.*]





## EPILOGUE.

**T**IS ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear  
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear  
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that, witty;  
Which we have not done neither; that I fear  
All the expected good w'are like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile  
And say 'twill do; I know within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.





